The Bystander, July 26, 1916.—No. 660. Vol. LI

The BYSTANDER

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BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS

BY THE EDITOR

THE MESS O' POTAMIA

The Limit!

I QUITE agree with Lord Wemyss. It *is* shameful that an English peer, in the House of Lords, should have to put it on record that—

"in Mesopotamia, the best hope for an English wounded soldier, and what his friends could most wish for him, was that he should fall into the hands of the Turks."

⁂ ⁂

A Flag-Day for Turkey

THERE seems only one tribute that needs still to be paid to the most respectable of our enemies, and that is to give him a Flag Day. Of all the startling developments of the war the reformation of the ex-Terrible Turkish ex-assassin is the most. But let us not go more than usually wrong in our appraisement of his "gentlemanliness" and "humanity." After all, chivalry on the battlefield is as old as Creation. H.H. the Prince of Darkness was always a gentleman: so were Pharaoh, Sennacherib, Attila, and William the Norman in their particular way and in comparison with the German "conqueror." Besides, it rather *pays* the Turk, doesn't it, to be kind and generous to the British in view of the discussions as to his future that will take place at that Conference Table?

⁂ ⁂

Yet Another Tumble

LAST week once again the Coalition fell, with as noisy a thud as ever, three times in succession. It fell before the Scots-Welsh land reformers; before the Carsonite pro-Electionites, and before the Mesopotamiacs (of whom we are one). But the peculiarity of the Coalition is that it is eternally falling, but, like a certain type of objectionable child or an inebriate, never gets smashed or run over. Providence, in its inscrutable way, seems to have an inexplicable love for it. Well, perhaps we have sinned enough to deserve it.

⁂ ⁂

"Not Divided Among Ourselves"

THE Asquithian way out of the Mess o'Potamia was to "deprecate on behalf of the Government a debate which would give the impression to the world outside that we were in any way divided among ourselves." The outside world must be "outside" indeed if it hasn't suspected yet that we *are* divided among ourselves: divided into those who want to win the war and those who, apparently, don't. If there is one thing the enemy would most like to believe it is that Britain is *not* so divided, and that its attitude towards the present Twenty-Three is one of blind trust and fond admiration.

Be Kind to the "Officials"!

THE other ground for avoiding inquiry was that

"a very great burden would be laid upon the officials of the various Departments concerned."

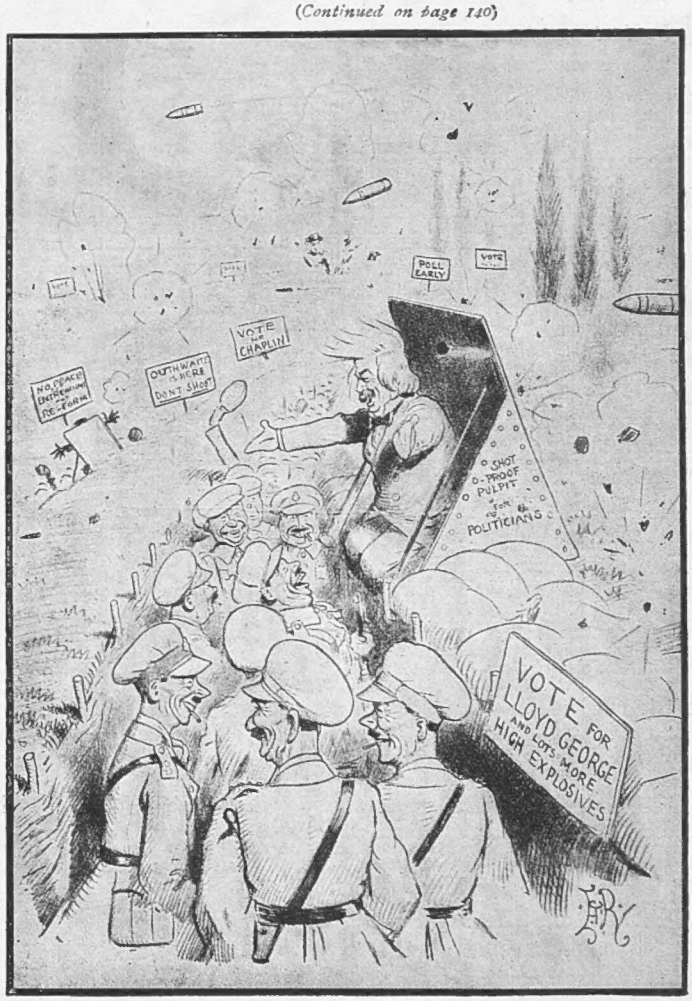
If he means the officials concerned in the Mess o'Potamia, no burden could be too great to be laid on them if it could keep them from messing up any other operations.

⁂ ⁂

Another Committee!—Help!

HAVING pointed out all the various objections to inquiries, the Prime Minister agreed to appointing a Committee of—Inquiry. The first thing to be done with it is—on the system of Mr. Wackford Squeers—to send it out to Mesopotamia. There, not only will the Commission be able to encounter at first hand the celebrated local species of black mosquito, but will also be able to obtain the necessary complete information from—the officials whose methods are to be inquired into! It is all very, very wonderful.

(Continued on page 140)



THE THREATENED "KHAKI" ELECTION

(Reproduced from THE BYSTANDER *of September 29, 1915)*

In the debate in Parliament last week, Mr. Herbert Samuel got into terrible trouble for pointing out the difficulties of holding an election in the trenches. These were anticipated nearly a year ago by Mr. E. T. Reed

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued from page 139)

The Man Who Did

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL is discharging very skilfully, in the *Sunday Pictorial*, a very difficult task. What it is necessary we should all realise is the very decisive part played by the Navy at the outset of the war. As Mr. Churchill was himself head of the Navy, it might have been expected that Somebody Else would sing the needed praises. Somebody Else, however, has been coy; so Mr. Churchill undertakes the task himself. The impression left upon us is that he was the one man in the "stunned" Cabinet of August 4, 1914, who not only grasped the actualities of the situation, but knew how to deal with them boldly.

❀ ❀

And What He Did

THE spectre of Nelson seems to have been around the Admiralty those historic days, doing its bit with a vengeance:

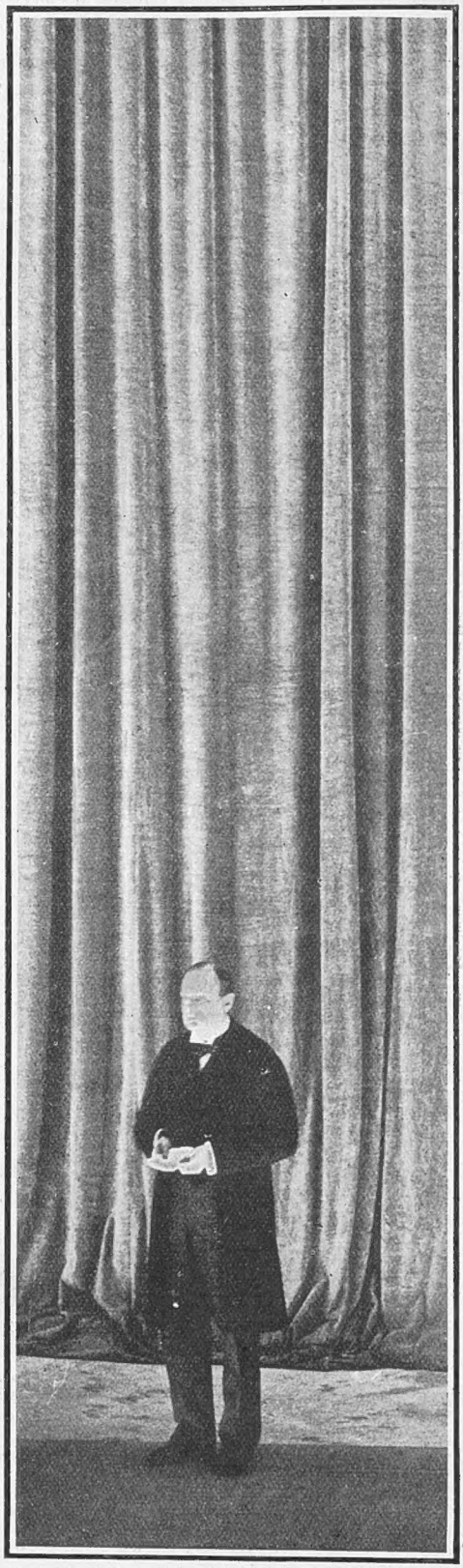
> "*On August 1, shortly before midnight, the general mobilisation of the Navy was ordered, and the Third Fleet began to come on to a war basis. This step was approved by the Cabinet on Sunday, the 2nd, and regularised by Royal Proclamation on the next day.*"

I like this intensely. It has the touch of the first chapter of Genesis about it. In the beginning there was Churchill; then, the Cabinet; and on the last day, there was the Crown. Presumptuous? Decidedly! But gloriously so. For had the order of precedence been different, different also, with a vengeance, would have been the history of the World War. As Mr. Churchill reveals unto us, the early mobilisation of the Fleet meant not only the blockade of the enemy ports, but the secure passage to France of the first six divisions, without which there would have been no Battle of the Marne.

❀ ❀

A Live Opposition

THE moral which plain men will draw is that Mr. Churchill ought not to be out of the Cabinet now. But I incline to think myself that he is better out of it. Thanks to him and Sir E. Carson the country has at last something like a real live Opposition. It only needs a few more resignations, and that Opposition may be qualified as the alternative Cabinet. Perhaps the Irish crisis will do its duty and release from the thraldom of Coalition the free spirits of constructive Imperialism, from which we shall get the needed mobilisation for Peace.



MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL

Speaking from the Empire stage, on July 21, of our and the Russian national exertions, and of his faith in a victorious issue to the war

❀ ❀

What About Gallipoli?

WHAT we still want to know is: Why did the "Great Amphibian" go so right in the beginning of the war and so wrong later? From his eagerness to have papers laid on the Dardanelles, it rather looks as though there is something to come out as to that business which Mr. Churchill desires to come out. Why did the Navy warn the Turks of the coming attack which did not come until—too late?

❀ ❀

A Committeeman Famine

WHAT is to be done to man the latest Committees? Surely the numbers of eligibles for service on them must be getting sadly depleted? Will the Government have to institute compulsion to raise the needed numbers of Committeemen, or will the Voluntary System be given a fresh trial? Will they wear uniforms, and if so, will they be khaki or—rose-coloured with purple patches? What, further, is being done to keep a reserve in hand to man the scores of Committees yet to be appointed to inquire into Muddles to Come? Unless the Government are careful, there will be only women left to fall back upon, which will never do. For Committeewomen will be unpleasantly *quick* in getting to work.

❀ ❀

Women War-Workers

YES; the women do move with the times! Two years ago, processions through London organised by the W.S.P.U., were an ordinary and pathetic sight. Just crowds of eager women, prepared to bear contempt and even violence, in order to assert their claims to the suffrage. But War-Work is a bigger thing to women than window-smashing, It was a very different procession that the W.S.P.U. sent out in the sunshine last Saturday afternoon. "Woman's Work in the War," as shown by sample, might well have surprised the most thoughtful. Women at farm work, women at munition-making, masked against poisonous fumes, the "canary-birds" whose special work stains their hands and faces yellow, ambulance workers, canteen workers, nurses, aircraft factory operatives, and lots of other "new kinds,"—a fine collection of fine women doing fine work. *And no speeches!*

(Continued on page 142)

The 'ymn of (F)'ate

(REVISED VERSION BY HERR LISSAUER-KRAUT)

Who garries on zis 'orrid, peastly Food-War,
Who picks our Colonel, like a vinkle, from his deepest "Poudoir"?

England!

Who smashes pack all our attacks-in-masses,
Who feeds our brisoners, vile ve kick und starf zem—silly asses!?

England!

Who puts on nosebags und tefies our nasty stenches,
Who dribbles footballs right up to our most imbortant drenches?

England!

Who sends out droops of soldiers more und more,
Und mit our noble sellufs vipes ze plooming floor?

England!

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued from page 140)

A War-Time Election

MY perverse sympathies were rather with Mr. Herbert Samuel in the debate on the Election question. Though I regard levity at all times as the unpardonable sin, the question of how to hold an election at the Front does seem somehow to excite the primitive joke-sense. In one of our reprehensible cartoons (reproduced on p. 139), which seems to have escaped the Attorney-General, we depicted the scene in the Trenches on Election Day. Mr. Samuel seems to have had the same vision in his mind when he invited the Commons to discover a way by which the Trenches could vote, and how the enemy could be induced to refrain from bombardment on the occasion. The idea that they would sit still and do nothing in face of an election that might rid England of her priceless Coalition is grotesque.

❀ ❀

Keeps on Turning Up

Actual evidence have I none,
But my aunt's charwoman's sister's son
Heard a policeman on his beat
Say to a housemaid in Downing Street
That he knew someone, who had a friend,
Who knew when the war was going to end.

WILL the kind and well-disposed readers who continue to send in the above verse to this office be so kind and well-disposed as to note that it first saw the light in THE BYSTANDER of March 29, 1916?

❀ ❀

A Fragment from Walla Walla

THE following letter has reached me from across the Atlantic:—

[*To the Editor of* THE BYSTANDER]

June 28, 1916

A COPY with "Fragraments from France" was loaned me last night. Looking at the cover I said, "A new genius has risen on the black and white horison, and his 'soul will go marching on' even after death. I sincerely hope a "Jack Johnson" don't get him, and may he be in the vanguard when the Allies enter Berlin in "the sweet bye-and-bye."

"Dear——. A present we are staying at a farm" is a greater sermon against the *dam* foolishness and absurbity of war than any pilot of the sky ever preached. The Captain is a master of expression, and, like a volume of Shakespeare, one sees new beauty, new absurbity every time I open the Magazine. "After the ball is over" all his pictures should be bound in a large book. I think his fortune would be assured. Tell him I should have stayed in the "'ole" I was—it's too funny for anything. The Captain is a Genius.

I'm pulling for the Captain to pull thru—with the "Soldier's Dream" true in the end.

Cordially yours, A. JOHNSON.

202, Cherry Street, Walla Walla, Washington, U.S.A.

I am very glad "Fragraments" have reached Walla Walla, and that it appears to be so much appreciated there. I hope Vol. II. has by now got "thru" to Mr. Johnson.

❀ ❀

America Quite Annoyed

AMERICA is seriously angry with Turkey, and threatens to send warships to the Mediterranean to protect American lives and property. I have no doubt Turkey is duly impressed. But precisely what American warships could do in the Mediterranean against the Turks except in conjunction with the Allies I can't conceive. A shell or two into Smyrna or Beirut or Jaffa would have about as much influence on Enver Pasha as the proverbial knocking on the dome of St. Paul's on the Dean and Chapter. The Turk has now got beyond the stage at which naval demonstrations scare him to death. We tried that specific on him at the Dardanelles, and what we were not able to accomplish certainly isn't likely to be accomplished by America. The fate of the Turks is

AN ARM FOR THE WOUNDED ENEMY

A striking official photograph of British and German wounded men helping one another to reach the dressing-station after a day's fighting during the British advance on the Western Front. Men who suffer together, like those in this picture, evidently feel no rancour against each other

Election-Time is Drawing Nigh !

SO THAT PRESIDENT WILSON IS GETTING READY TO SMILE HIS BROADEST

The snapshot shows him addressing the members of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World at a patriotic rally in Independence Square. Col. Roosevelt seems, somehow, not to have been among the audience

being settled, with the fate of certain of his neighbours, on land, and if America wants anything specially done to Turkey, she had better send a line to the Grand Duke Nicholas, Erzerum.

❀ ❀

The Deutschland's "Passenger"

OUR clever enemy denies that he is taking an American aboard the *Deutschland* on its return trip; still, it will be advisable for us to assume that there is somebody aboard who can, in the event of anything happening to the under-liner, be converted into an American (with wives and families annexed). The voyage will be a most interesting one. Before embarking on it, however, the "American" passenger will, no doubt, be properly warned of the dangers of the deep. Such a thing as a collision might accidentally happen to the *Deutschland*, in view of the number of Allied and neutral craft that sail the seas. In such a case, however, every attempt would, of course, be made to rescue the crew—and "passenger."

❀ ❀

An Unexpected Tribute

"*We are apt to ignore the fact that everything the world owes to the Anglo-Saxon race springs from Britain, and if by a convulsion of nature all the Dominions disappeared to-morrow, with all their material progress, neither the world of ideas, literature, or art, nor all that goes to make up civilisation, would be one whit the poorer.*"

THAT is rather a striking statement, especially as it comes not from a haughty Homelander, but from one of the Ministers of one of the Dominions themselves—Mr. J. X. Merriman, of South Africa.

(Continued on page 144)

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded from page 143)

Perhaps a little later on, when England is being subjected to the expected tornado of Colonial reconstruction, Mr. Merriman's words may be useful to keep by us. We need to avoid being too completely "purified" and "regenerated."

⁂ ⁂

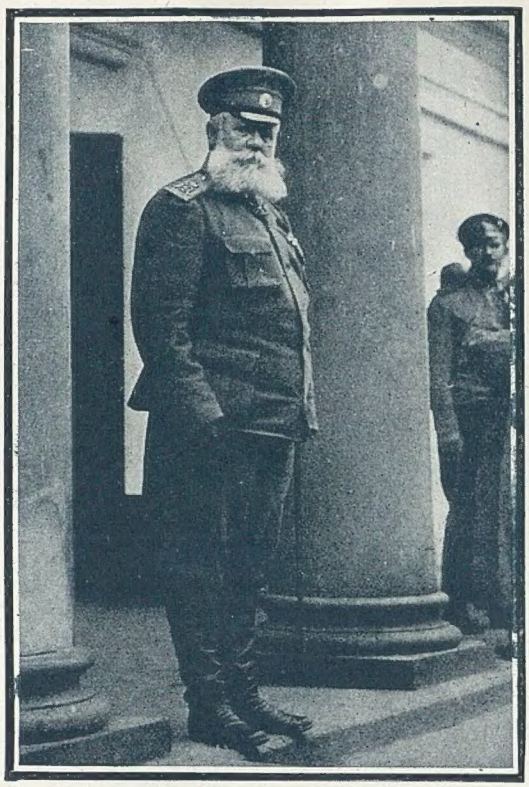
Cocaine and Its Calamities

WHAT a terrific advertisement the vice of cocaine is receiving just now, and in the same columns as those which are daily declaiming against the evils of drink! Millions of people in this country who only knew before of the existence of cocaine from the Adventures of Sherlock Holmes, now know to a nicety exactly what are its effects, where and how it is to be obtained, and all about it. Human nature being what it is, there will probably be a corresponding increase rather than a decrease of the demand and consumption.

⁂ ⁂

A Word to "John Bull"

John Bull—that great authority on correct journalistic conduct—has been bothering itself about a recent BYSTANDER article on the subject of "Temporary Gentlemen." I don't think John read the article—he's far too busy running the country—because if he had he would have seen that nothing in it reflected on New Army officers as a whole—are they not our most respected of gentle readers?—but only on the manners and customs which some of them are encouraged by "Society" to emulate. When he *has* read it, I'm sure the only thing that will annoy him about it will be that THE BYSTANDER published it and not *John Bull*.



GENERAL KASHTALINSKI

A splendid Russian veteran, the troops under whose command have lately captured more than 20,000 prisoners

⁂ ⁂

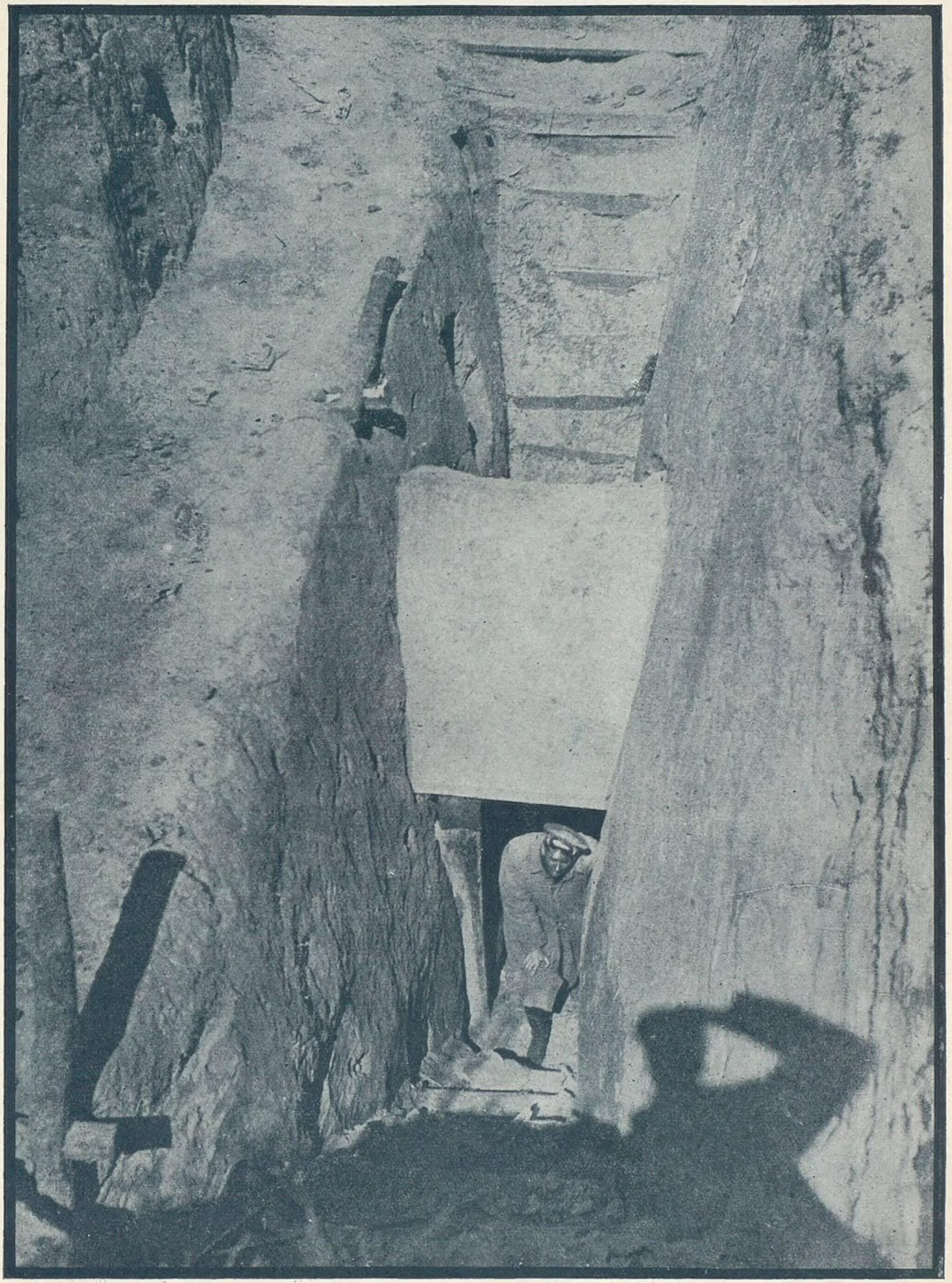
Give "Hun" a Rest

THE epithet "Hun" has "done its bit" with a vengeance. Yet it is not content to rest on its laurels. Originally it typified the Prussian in his particular rôle as a ravisher and destroyer—the man of Louvain and the *Lusitania*. To-day, it is used in every other connection. Bethmann-Hollweg is the "Hun Chancellor." British manufacturers of enemy origin are "Hun Businesses." Last week I read something about milk for "Hun Babies"—which is, I think, the limit. I hope the excellent little monosyllable won't die of overwork. What the poor headliners would do without their one ewe lamb of humour I don't dare to think.

A SOLID MASS

Of Austrian prisoners captured by the Russians in the recent push in Volhynia. It will be noted that they are nearly all unwounded. The "mass attack" is the German way of making war, but mass surrender, apparently, that of their allies

UNDERGROUND



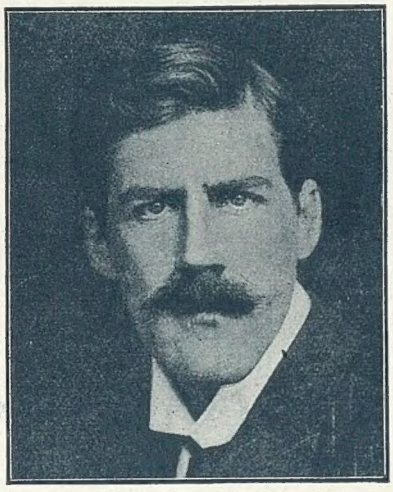
A remarkable photograph showing the method of construction of a dug-out for Officers on the Austrian Front. The shelter is thirty feet below the surface of the ground, and naturally affords complete protection from artillery fire. But—the Russians also use the bayonet!

When Hodge Comes Marching Home

THE PROBLEM OF THE COUNTRYSIDE

ALL sorts of people are talking and writing of the land. But no one seems to be *thinking* about it. And, really, these wide-stretching acres of ours are most important. In the future we must grow infinitely more of the food we consume. We ought to be doing it to-day ; we simply must start doing it to-morrow. Well, *who* is to do it? Crops do not come up by wishing, nor are they garnered by magic. Hodge is the man. Where is he? I'll tell you where he is. He's fighting, and fighting jolly well.

AND when he has done with fighting he is not going back to the land. Certainly not to the life on the land as it was. As for those gifted folk who have a genius for putting the wrong people in the wrong places, and who tell us that they will people the shires with wounded townsmen—why, such addled-brained visionaries ought to be in Bedlam. The land is an expert's job—and a townsman who knows nothing about farmwork will not compensate for his unavoidable ignorance with a defective limb.



LORD CRAWFORD

The new President of the Board of Agriculture, whose business it will be to deal with the problems discussed in this article

NOW I must say a word about Jacob. I have only seen him twice. He was a great, strong, slouching lad of nineteen the first time. A year later he was as fine upstanding a khaki-clad figure as anyone could wish to see. Before he went to the wars he had never been more than twelve miles from his native village. But Jacob has seen life, and Muddleton, at any rate Muddleton of the past, will for the future be intolerable. Jacob, you may take it from me, is lost to the land, and he is only one of some hundreds of thousands.

A MAN who has once seen life is not going to bury himself in mud. If you want young Jacob back on the land when the war is over you've got to give him not merely a chance to get on, but a life that has light and go in it. And you must get Jacob back.

IF you agree, you had better start building a cottage for him—with a nice bit of garden adjoining. Before the war (when no one cared twopence what happened to agriculture) there was a shortage of some 200,000 cottages. Jacob pigged it anywhere, anyhow, in those days, but he is not in the mood for that now. And he had wretched wages, no weekly half-holiday, no prospects of any sort of advancement—no anything ! Poor Jacob !

IF the land is to have a future we must have Merrie England in the countryside again. Village life must *be* life, and not outrageous stagnation. And the men on the land must have a chance of working for themselves as well as for their masters. The whole industry must be controlled in the interests of the whole nation. Every acre should have its yield and every worker his due. And let us have Maypoles again and plenty of nutty ale and laughter in the lanes, and a big free human outlook for all.

THE politicians have been the land's undoing. They have been tares among the wheat. If the politicians devise the new land policy we shall merely have once more that scandalous pendulum between farmers' votes and those of labourers. They have nothing but a half-measure scheme to offer, founded on ignorance and vitiated by vote-lust. They have prated about Land Banks for half a century and of Light Railways and the like. They are quite ready to continue to make speeches about them, but all their fine speeches have never grown an oat.

OUR land must become a national undertaking, if only for the reason that it supplies essential national needs. To hold up land, to waste land, to under-farm land should, and must, become a crime against society. And in arrangements to be made the land loyalty of both master and man through the long years of desperate struggle must be fittingly recognised. For Hodge a minimum wage, a good home, fair holidays and for the master facilities at last to " carry on " and to have a share of the good time coming.

THE new land proposals should be elaborated at once. Hodge while in the fighting line should learn of what is in store for him when the guns cease their thunder. The Peace with Victory for which he is fighting must be coupled in his mind with progress and prosperity for himself. Then will his thoughts turn gladly to the old countryside so to be transformed. Instead of the dull aching round year in and year out there will be sun on the uplands and a wistful call. And from one great task he will blithely return to another. In the era of intense productivity and of recreation after the war the land of England and her landsmen will be first and foremost. But get to work now, and, above all, keep the politicians out of it. But stay—why should we not use them as scarecrows ?

FOR'ARD ON

The Man In Possession

OF THE WILL AND THE POWER TO ACHIEVE VICTORY

MR. LLOYD GEORGE

Who, as Minister for War, is now firing off the shells he has been responsible for accumulating in such magnificent profusion. Our photograph catches him in a characteristic expression of alertness and vigour from his possession of which qualities the nation hopes incalculable things

BELLICOSITIES

QUITE beautifully ingenuous is the suggestion of a Frankfort paper that a truce should be arranged "to allow half the German Army to return home for the Reichstag elections." It has cleverly hit upon the one method of ensuring that half the German Army will ever return home at all.

❋

"THE German people," grumbles the *Kreuz Zeitung*, "are not yet entirely convinced of the grandeur of the task that we are undertaking." But surely they must have heard of Louvain, and the *Lusitania*, and Nurse Cavell, and the baby-killing, and the rest of it?

❋

IT was an ironical fate that carried off Professor Metchnikoff, who was set upon teaching us all to be centenarians, at the age of seventy-two. The great scientist put his faith in sour milk; but he does not seem to have found quite the right whey.

❋

"IF a crime depends upon a comma," postulated counsel for the prisoner in the Casement appeal case. If it *did*, it is to be feared that the administration of justice would soon be brought to a full stop.

❋

A THOROUGH reform of the income-tax laws, says Mr. McKenna, will be undertaken after the end of the war. This will be very interesting for the few dozen among us who by that time still possess an income.

❋

MEANWHILE, it was distressing to hear from the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the other day, that his "borrowing powers are becoming exhausted." Neither in this nor in any other way can we tolerate any check to the Great Advance.

❋

THE graphic description of how our men cleared out the Boches from their trenches with bare fists helps us to realise something of the new punch which has been given to our operations on the Western front.

❋

EVERYTHING—except the weather—seems happily conspiring just now to keep the nation in good spirits. The heartening news from all the theatres of war is now capped by the intimation that Lord Northcliffe has gone abroad for a few weeks.

❋

THE National Poultry Society is looking out for an appropriate place of public resort where it can hold a great poultry-keeping demonstration. What about Henley?

❋

IN September, the Bishop of London proposes to walk the whole length of his diocese on a preaching mission. And the music-hall proprietors are reproachfully protesting that they have no desire to interfere with *his* "promenade."

❋

"INFLAMMABLE FLANNELETTE" ran a last week's headline. Why not economise ink and call it "Inflammelette"?

THE LAW'S DISAPPOINTMENTS

CLIENT: "And d'you mean to say I can't get no damages out of 'im for calling me *that*?"

SOLICITOR: "My dear Sir, I'm afraid not. There are many varieties of fools, and the particular one you mention does not come within the purview of the Law, it being merely an expression of opinion, showing no malice"

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE"

LONDON, *July* 24, 1916.

DEAR COUSIN—

No one can say, can they, that the British House of Commons isn't an astonishingly well-behaved assembly? And quite in the Victorian manner, too—speak-when-you're-spoken-to and seen-but-not-heard idea, you know. This last of the muddles, the Mesopotamia one, has got forced on the *tapis*, so to speak, at last. But only after we'd all been harrowed for months by all we'd heard from the men we know out there.

"A little furtive, perhaps, some of the holiday-makers"

❋ ❋

PEOPLE generally though, I suppose, hadn't much idea about what was really going on, even though there were plenty of hints. Belief in Governments and things dies very hard—doesn't it?—and those of us who knew and did want to speak weren't, of course, allowed to. On the other hand, lots can manage to bear up all right, evidently, no matter what almost indescribable, and unnecessary, sufferings our fighting men are going through—so long as they're far enough away from them and can, anyway, half bamboozle themselves that things aren't so bad as they seem, and that reports are always exaggerated, and that sort of thing.

❋ ❋

OR, at least, that's almost the only way one can account for—well, for the general attitude of almost incredible indifference. In India, for instance, where the Mesopotamia show was nominally being run, they've been having all the gaieties as usual, or as much as usual as they could possibly arrange it, anyway, and my last letters from Simla told how the writer was quite worn out with all the dances and dinners and golfing week-ends up in the nice cool hills. Mesopotamia, with its plagues of heat and drought and damp and cold, and flies and fever, and ague, and its shade temperature of 115 degrees and more, *must* seem a long way away, mustn't it?

"You have to pretend you don't hear . . ."

❋ ❋

SAME here, of course. Quite dreadful it'd be for the revue people and the theatre crowd and the restaurants and places if we *did* realise. . . . I don't know what would happen to them if we all of us took in and took to heart, say, even the least of those revelations in the Lords the other day. But all the awfulness is borne by our men with all the cheeriness and optimism they all show everywhere—"The patience of the men is superb," one officer out there is always telling me. "And how the 'Kitcheners' stand it I can't think. A few months training, and then—*this*. . . !"

❋ ❋

BUT things were so quiet out there already a month ago that they were talking about the war fizzling out, in those regions, at all events. The fact is, though, that the Turk doesn't care about fighting when the thermometer's over 110 any more than the "K." Army does—small blame to him, either. But what a pity we can't relieve them of a bit of *that* trouble, anyway. July's nearly beaten even June as a model of what weather shouldn't be.

❋ ❋

TALKING of the Turk, by the way, he's not quite such a model of chivalry, according to a few who know him, as one's heard tell. "At heart," writes one of the Royal Regiment, "the Turco is a dirty dog. I've seen him, while there was an armistice on to bury our dead, crawl over our parapet, take ranges, and strip the bodies of our men. I was binding up a wounded Seaforth the other night when a Turk wearing an officer's badge crept up without seeing me and began untying my Scottie's bootlaces. I couldn't imagine what he was at till the wounded man whispered to me that he meant

(Continued on page 150)

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (continued from page 149)

to pinch his boots. It only took 30 seconds to finish the bandaging—*and* John Turk."

"—Or pick up the 'balls'"

APROPOS, the munitioneers in England now mayn't be taking holidays (by order), but the rest of the country seems to be packing up and looking out trains and whistling for taxis and flocking to the stations, and going off to the seaside very much as usual. In fact, the stations seem fuller of seething bustling crowds than ever before, even at this seething, bustling time of year. A little furtive, perhaps, some of the holiday-makers—youthful fathers of families and such like, trying to express without words the fact that they're really tired war-workers in urgent need of rest and relaxation, and inclined to keep the golf clubs, etc., in the background and the Special Constable badges and things well in the foreground.

"—Written in my nurse's album"

WELL, I suppose we must take holidays, if only for the sake of that health and efficiency Mr. McKenna talks about in his last War Savings letter. But, of course, they aren't exactly a war saving themselves, are they, holidays, I mean? Prices are higher at the seaside still than they are anywhere else, in the usual peace-time fashion—'specially since so many East Coast places are out of the running and there's more rush than ever to the others.

BUT I'm afraid what Cabinet Ministers say doesn't cut much ice with most people. For instance, what the nation needs, says the Chancellor, is long, patient, arduous, rigid self-denial from all—extravagance and waste are treason in war-time. Great sacrifices are called for. . . . Civilians *must* refrain from all unessential demands. . . . All savings, large and small, must be brought together for the nation's use. . . .

MEANTIME—well, people *may*, of course, be buying War Loan like butter and mobbing the bargain sales with the sole idea of dressing on nothing a year and flocking to the theatres so's to save lighting and heating at home and dining at restaurants to avoid the expense of keeping servants. And a very nice, cheery way of economising, too. But, somehow, there doesn't seem to be much of the "long, patient, arduous, rigid self-denial" touch about it, does there?

THOUGH in one direction, anyway, we do seem to be simplifying things, so to speak, and getting back to the old primitive bedrock. There's been such a competition of revues here in London—nearly a dozen of them all running all at once now, I believe—that everything in the way of production, gorgeous scenery, dazzling dresses, colossal beauty choruses, and the rest of it has been done absolutely to the fed-up mark. So now the only way for yet another revue to put up any sort of a show against the rest of the crowd is to go back to simpler settings and the kind of *esprit Gaulois* beloved of the last generation, when gentlemen didn't take ladies, or, at any rate, their own ladies, to musical comedies or music-halls.

THUS a £600 a week revue actress announced as *the* great point about her latest appearance that she was to wear "only very simple frocks, no *tulle* ones." And in another of the new shows one of the biggest features is the slightly Rabelaisian humour of the charming chief comedian, who opens the proceedings by being found in bed after what he calls "a dirty night." Some of the best things you have to pretend you don't hear, and I'm not sure I didn't rather shock the chaperon when I laughed at the rural joke about the litter of little pigs "crowding to the refreshment bar."

CROWDING reminds me of another *pièce de résistance* in this show—the Ladder of Roses, which is fairly steep, too, but in the gymnastic sense of the term. Comes from America, I understand, where they believe in doing this sort of thing thoroughly, and consists of simply billions of girls climbing up rose-laden ladders that reach out of sight skywards. Being a bad sailor the term left me coldish, but it was comforting about the war. I mean—if they *really* wanted all the workers they *say* they do on the land and places they'd have commandeered at least a selection of *these* strapping young females, wouldn't they?. Take a lot, you know, to make *them* "come over faint."

(Continued on page 152)

The Latest Society Engagement

Photograph *Lallie Charles*

An attractive picture of the Hon. Edith Cadogan, second daughter of the late Viscount Chelsea and Lady Meux. Her engagement to the Hon. Arthur Mills, M.P., only surviving son of Lord Hillingdon, has been recently announced

IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (concluded from page 150)

TALKING of economies, though, I see the stalls at the very last word in revue theatres that's to open in the autumn are to be a guinea each. People find twelve-and-six too beastly cheap, it seems. Which is amusing, isn't it—in war-time?

❋ ❋

IN peace-time, of course, people used to pay their guinea and even sometimes thirty shillings for their opera stall. But that was to hear Melba or Caruso or Destinn or Chaliapin, or to revel in Russian Ballet and faint with fearful joy at the fantasies of Nijinsky in *L'Après-Midi d'un Faune* or Karsavina in *Petrouchka*. A guinea to observe the latest importation from the States doing the newest fox and kiss trots, or the biggest-beauty-chorus-yet posturing, or even the *steepest* funny men being steeper than ever does seem to me—well, not exactly *sweating* the management, you know.

❋ ❋

MARVELLOUS, by the way, how Stage and stalls so sweetly do fraternise these days. And not only with the *men* in the stalls. No charity fair, fête, or rummage sale, even when got up by the very *best* people, is ever complete without its Stage stars too. And since the war they've gone a step further still, and while their brothers marry them, the young women of Debrett actually foregather on stages with their sisters of the posters.

❋ ❋

THIS week's charity shows are typical. There's a War Charities Revue—the last scream in entertainments. In it the P.-M.'s daughter and niece and others of their set play charades (impromptu) with Mr. Nelson Keys, of the Palace, Mr. George Robey of small hat, red nose, and Bing Boys fame, etc., etc. And at the week's biggest charity garden-party (at Grosvenor House) you pay as much, if not more, to lunch or play lawn-tennis with, say, Miss Mabel Russell, as to pick up balls for, and say "Sorry!" to, Countess Zia Torby.

❋ ❋

MEANTIME, the populace has left off strewing roses in their path, but they've been pouring in as fast or faster than ever—the wounded from France. It's a mystery where they're putting them all, and though lots of the wounds are not so very serious, I'm afraid it tots up pretty high all the same—the sum of all the pain that's being borne in England now. And that's not including the mental pain. If there's only one broken heart for every name that fills those daily Rolls of Honour—even then it's rather dreadful, isn't it? War's a very bitter business.

❋ ❋

BUT even out of being wounded our men manage to extract amusement—for others, anyway. Here's the latest poetic effusion to reach me—"written in my nurse's album," says one who's back at Stink Farm, Flanders, and declares the place well named:

Short and sweet! We've come to the end of it,
My poor little bed lying cold.
Shall no sonnet then ever be penned of it?
Nor the joys and pains of it told?

What filth was my dose in the morning,
How nasty it tasted at noon—
How the light was turned off without warning,
Unpleasantly soon.

And sometimes your hand would hold my hand,
With a sweet and particular touch;
You said many things with a sigh, and
Also "subnormal—*not much!*"

With love, yours ever,
BLANCHE

1916—A MAN IN SIGHT!

MORE "FRAGMENTS FROM FRANCE"

My Hat!

That tin hat feels something like this on the way to the offensive

And about like this when you get there

PASSED BY CENSOR

HELMETS, SHRAPNEL, ONE

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

The Bystander in Paris

ELIAS K. SCHWINDELBAUM

"Produced his American passport"

I FORGET what it is that he has come over to sell, but I know that he hasn't sold it yet. And when an American is waiting for a contract he alternates between hope and pessimism and is quite an interesting study. Elias K. Schwindelbaum (you will understand, of course, that this is only what his name might be), Elias K. Schwindelbaum arrived here in Paris expecting to trade what he wanted to trade in twenty-four hours and get back, *viâ* London, to Little Old N'York. He is a breezy, cheery person with a loud voice, and the size of his voice and the size of himself have enabled him to bluff quite successfully through life hitherto. But just now Elias K. is, to use his own expression, "up against things some." I knew how annoyed he really was when I saw him eat a whole cigar without lighting it the other morning while he was explaining that he had no use for the French, no use for France, and as for that son of a Beelzebub at the place they call the "Intelligence Onglaze"—Intelligence—do tell!—well, what he thought of him I can't possibly repeat in print.

"Then he went to the Consul"

⁂

BECAUSE, you understand, Elias K. Schwindelbaum is an American citizen—he is, although the American Consul in Paris doesn't seem to understand it. Why, Elias K. Schwindelbaum's own sister, Mrs. Putzmeyer, receives the vurry best people in her parlour, she does, and just before Elias sailed the noospapers were saying that the son of Hugo D. Wachsfleisch — *the* Wachsfleisch of St. Louis—was going to marry her daughter. So Elias K. Schwindelbaum would have you know that he wasn't no small kidney potatoes, he wasn't, and—. Oh, but there, you've heard them talk yourself, haven't you? You see, Elias K., having to wait awhile before he could get any satisfaction in the matter of that contract, reckoned that he would just put in a week or two taking a peep at this war. It would be something to tell the boys about when he got home again.

⁂

HE was told by friends that, before he could get leave to visit the lines behind the Front, he would have to find some solid reason for his journey. I have my own suspicions that the friends who told him this may have had the worse of a business transaction with Elias K. in the past and were getting their own back. However, Elias guessed that business way up somewhere near the Front was a sufficient pretext, and having been directed to the office of the local Commissioner of Police, was received politely, produced his American passport, spread eagle and all complete, and after a stormy interview had his bluff called. Then he went to see the Consul. The Consul received him most politely, and explained that the French authorities were regrettably indifferent to what Elias K. Schwindelbaum would tell the boys when he got home, and that an endeavour to get into the army zone at all would merely be a waste of time. Elias K. didn't think so. If the French wouldn't have him he would go and see what the Britishers were doing. They were white men, anyway, and he had heard something about a *carnet rouge* which smoothed things over.

(Continued on page 156)

"I'm not going to help em win or lose their one-horse war"

THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR IN PARIS

Lord Bertie, with General Yarde-Buller, at the inspection by President Poincaré of the British Ambulance Committee's fleet of ambulance cars for the use of the French Armies

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded from page* 154)

The Consul shook hands with him, and told him the address of the British Provost-Marshal. "Guess I'll go and see that duck," said Elias K., pocketed his passport, and drove across Paris in a taxicab.

❀

He was received with great politeness at the Boulevard des Invalides by a gentleman in sky-blue, who gave him a cardboard ticket, like the thing you get for your overcoat at a concert, with 373 on it. And for the next half-hour he was at liberty to stroll about a great room framed with glass cases containing lonely compasses and theodolites and other musical instruments which didn't interest him. After considerable annoyance, due to the fact that various dagoes were summoned to the presence before him, Elias K. Schwindelbaum, who had become, much to his disgust, "nummyro Trorsong Thingummy," was shown into an office and accosted cheerily a startled French subaltern with "Morning, Major!" He was set right on this point, and it was explained to him (I am quoting Elias K. Schwindelbaum himself) that Major His Nibs the Right Honorable Lord Monkeymunk was too busy to receive him in person, but that the gentleman in sky-blue was ready and willing to give him his profound attention. Elias K. explained that he "wanted one of them *carnets rouges*." The officer in blue smiled, took a lot of notes from Elias K.'s passport, and bowed him out, saying that he might possibly hear from him in the course of a month or more. Elias K. thought

"He might possibly hear from him in the course of a month or two"

this over, turned in the doorway, and was heard to murmur that if some people didn't learn how to conduct their war on business lines the people of the United States wouldn't stand for it. "That sky-blue duck grinned through his sandy whiskers and said 'parfettymong,'" said Elias K. "I don't know what he meant by that—I quit."

❀

"Then," I said, "you gave up your idea of an excursion trip to the army zone?" "I should smile," said Elias K. Schwindelbaum. "I'm askin' favors now of a greasy little duck in a police office, and the assistant of a Major in a British Permit Office, and the clurk of a chief of the office of the Secretary of the Prefect of Police and the man behind the counter at Cook's, and two or three other ducks whom I misremember now, so's to be allowed to get way out of here back to the American Bar at the Hotel Cecil in London, and then the foyist boat available for God's own country. Goin' to take me at least a week to get away, too! Every one of those whiskered dagoes has got to make an enquerry into my identity, it seems. And I, I've *told* 'em who I am! I'll get my sister to talk to old man Elihu about it, sure, if I ever get home again."

❀

"But what about the contract?" I asked. He told me where the contract could go to for all he cared. "I'm not goin' to help them to win or lose their old one-horse war," he said. "We're losing interest in it—in the U-nited States, anyway."

JOHN N. RAPHAEL

DOMPIERRE AS IT IS

Or what is left of it, captured by the French in the combined Push in the Somme sector during the present month

A "FIELD-DAY" WITH GILES

Hints to Travellers

BY "EFEMERA." *Illustrated by Hill Clarke*

Preparedness

You may think this subject not so timely as it might be, since in this year of grace the wandering Briton is, for the most part, cut off from his accustomed fields of vagabondage. What is the use of talking of travel when, to parody a popular song, you are, so to speak, "all packed up and nowhere to go"? Just the same, you are wrong. As in time of peace one may prepare for home defence at a miniature rifle-range, so now, when one's activities are restricted by war, one can very profitably train for future excursions. For travel is a serious business, not the simple affair most people seem to think it, of packing a box, buying a ticket, and sitting in a train for the appointed number of hours.

❀ ❀

A Question of Values

There are two distinct schools of travel: that of the tramp and—well, the other. Much can be said for both of them, and the differences are too clearly marked to require insistence. In one case you are a law and also a means of locomotion unto yourself; the other is simply a process of being carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease: Pullmans and Ritz-Carltons. You pay your money and you take your choice, but there is considerably more money to be paid if you choose the latter, and the return for your outlay is proportionately less. But that is your affair and a matter of taste. Some people only value experience—or pleasure—by the amount spent on getting it. Personally, I am not a partisan of either school; a judicious mixture seems to me best.

❀ ❀

The One Thing Needful

The chief point to bear in mind when travelling is personal comfort. Ensure your own comfort and let others take care of themselves. If your comfort is only to be obtained at the expense of someone else, that is his or her look out. Get the best corner of the railway carriage and stick to it like grim death. If you are fond of fresh air, see that the window is kept open, no matter who freezes. A formidable expression of face and a forbidding manner are of great assistance in this. If, on the other hand, you enjoy a frowst, do not on any account permit the glass to be lowered, even a couple of inches. Refuse to let yourself be impressed by signs of incipient faintness in your fellow-passengers. Germans are particularly good at this, as anyone will testify who in *ante-bellum* days travelled on the Continent.

(*Continued on page 160*)

"Ensure your own comfort and let others take care of themselves"

The Queen of Diamonds

Photograph *Malcolm Arbuthnot*

A charming portrait of Miss Shirley Kellogg as she appears in "Razzle-Dazzle!" in the magnificent "Diamond Dress" designed and made by Miss Elspeth Phelps

HINTS TO TRAVELLERS (*concluded from page* 158)

The Inner Man

IF you are blessed with a voracious appetite, do not forget to provide yourself with suitable refreshment for the journey. Oranges and bananas are a good choice, chocolate éclairs, fat sandwiches or buns out of a paper bag are admirable, whilst a never-failing stand-by is to be found in cheese, the stronger the

"Your fellow travellers will derive great pleasure from seeing and hearing you eat"

better. Your fellow-travellers will derive great pleasure from seeing and hearing you eat—if not, let them find another compartment and more abstemious company.

❊ ❊

Apropos of Luggage

YOUR hand-luggage should be arranged to suit your personal convenience, and should contain everything that you may require to while away the journey. If you are of a fickle disposition this may involve much opening and shutting of bags, hold-alls, etc., and as the lifting up and down of heavy portmanteaus placed in the rack is decidedly a nuisance, as many pieces as possible should be kept on the seats or the floor. They may get in people's way, but, then, people should not have such large feet. When it is a case of other people's luggage getting in the way of your feet, show your displeasure by sprinkling it plentifully with ash from your cigar or cigarette. Generally it will be quickly removed.

❊ ❊

Some Simple Recipes

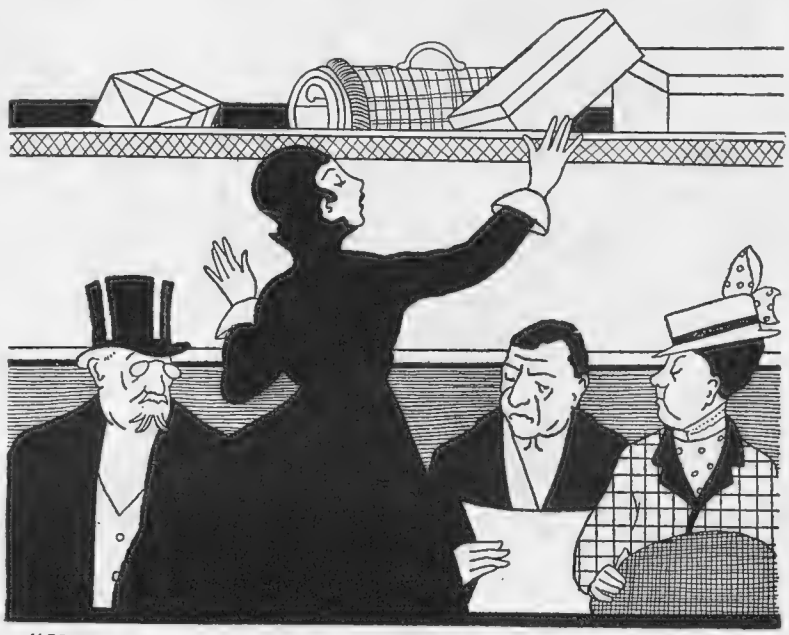
THERE are, of course, obvious advantages in having a compartment to one's self. This can be done in various ways. The simplest is a tip to the guard, but a little trouble and ingenuity will save you the expenditure. The presence of one or two small children is generally sufficient, but this is not within the reach of everyone, and there are quite effective substitutes. I have known people who employed for the purpose a large doll dressed as an infant. This, accompanied by the ostentatious display of a feeding-bottle, staved off countless intruders. For those who have no children and who dislike dolls, there are other methods. Behaviour so eccentric or peculiar as to suggest mild insanity will usually serve to clear a compartment; the catching of imaginary flies, for instance, or the sedulous and excited perusal of a newspaper held upside down. If accompanied by an accomplice you can remark casually: "Little Tommy ought to finish peeling by next Wednesday. Poor child! I hated to leave him. . . ." Or if alone, say with a sweet smile: "Would you mind leaving the opposite seat vacant in case I have one of my fits?"

❊ ❊

Dress and Deportment

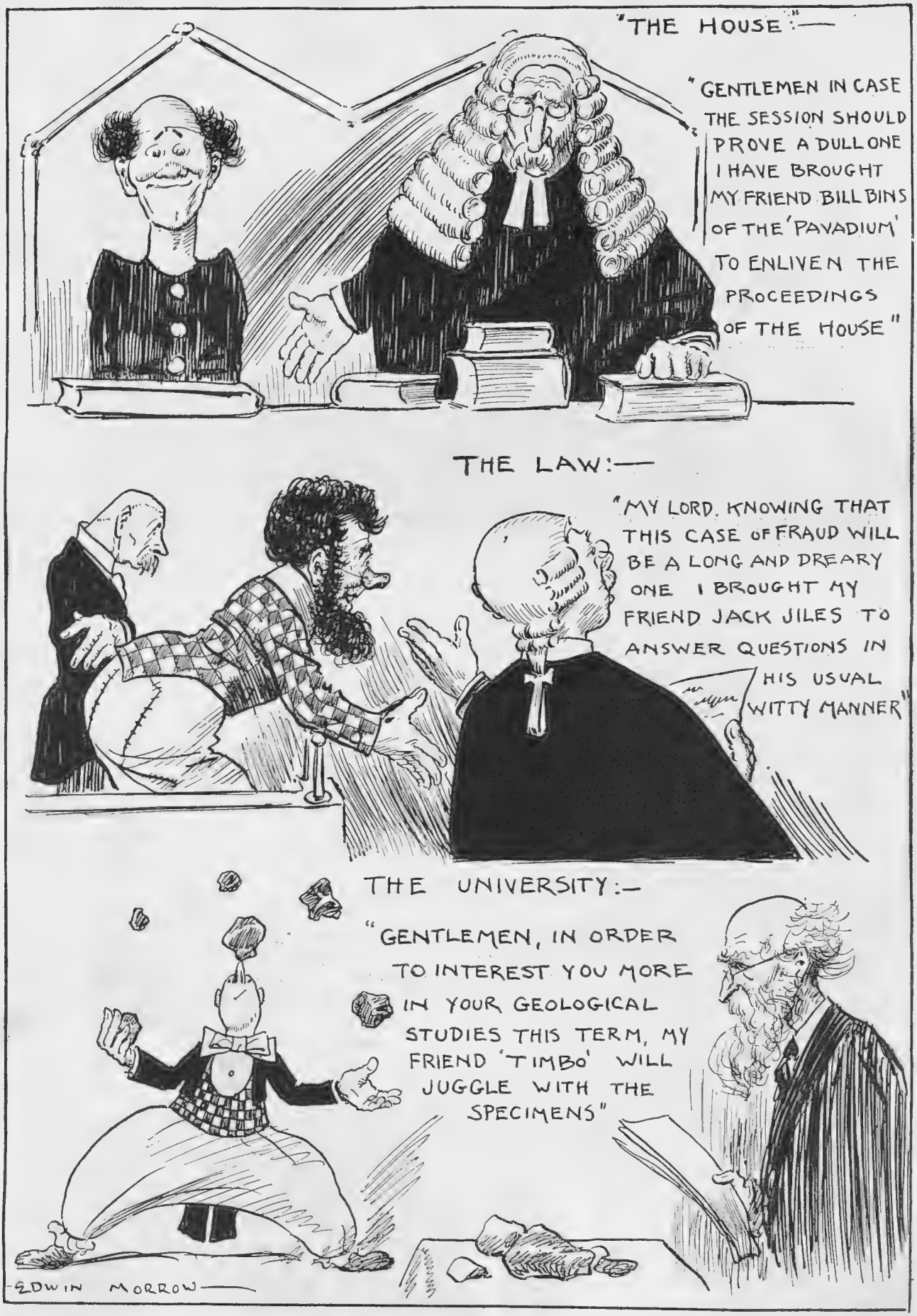
YOU will, of course, wear your oldest and dowdiest clothes when travelling, particularly abroad. A decayed mackintosh is excellent for the purpose. Remember that you are out to please yourself, not to gladden the eyes of others. If foreigners draw from your manners and appearance unfavourable conclusions as to the dress and habits of your fellow-countrymen at home, that is their misfortune, not your fault. I regret to say that of late years there has been a lamentable falling-off in this direction. Where formerly the British traveller was, and quite rightly from his or her point of view, a blot upon the landscape, he or she (mostly the latter) has developed a noticeable tendency to smartness and courtesy. Who is the benighted foreigner that honest Britons should pander to his æsthetic and social susceptibilities? Is it not enough that we should grace his country with our supercilious presence, not to mention spending money in it, without stooping to court his regard or admiration? He should be made to feel our infinite superiority, and surely this can best be done by emphasising our indifference to, nay, our contempt of, his opinion?

EFEMERA



"If you are of a fickle disposition this may involve much opening and shutting of bags"

Monotony Made Merrier



Society having shown the value of the Stage for the enlivenment of its functions, why should others not do likewise?

Musical Chairdom

BY THE BYSTANDER-ABOUT-TOWN

A week or two ago I had a mind to buy the latest work of a man who is possibly the most important, and certainly the most famous, figure in the intellectual life of modern England. True, he is, perhaps, at least as much disliked as praised, but the fact remains that he occupies, by common consent, an unique position in one not unimportant branch of letters. His name, if you have not already guessed it, is immaterial; the only point of importance is that his latest work, whether good, bad, or indifferent, might certainly be expected to excite the curiosity of, at the very least, four out of five educated people.

❀ ❀

At the time when I wished to read him I happened to be in the best-known of English watering-places. Would you believe it—not one bookseller (from curiosity I tried them all) so much as stocked *any*, much less the latest, of his works! I was overwhelmed with opportunities to buy or borrow every novel that ever deserved the waste-paper basket, to digest every conceivable variety of sense and nonsense called forth by the war, but for the thought of one of our most lucid and—strange to say—most amusing writers there was, as a certain bookseller acidly remarked, "absolutely no demand at all."

❀ ❀

Now this is very symptomatic. The watering-place in question is at the present time quite full of people. Especially, of course, is it full of women, and, on a rough calculation, I should say that about seven out of eight of the customers at these bookshops are women. So it is not unreasonable to suppose that the middle-class woman of London—for it is essentially from that class and from London that these visitors come—are quite innocent of any intellectual curiosity of any kind, lacking any desire to know anything at all about modern thought or, indeed, any thought of any variety whatsoever.

❀ ❀

Before the war that was certainly true. I have been tolerably familiar with women of many nations, and I have no hesitation in saying that the Englishwoman, as a class, was, despite her many attractive qualities, certainly the least serious person of my acquaintance. The few splendid exceptions, and the one or two quite young girls who showed some signs of reaction, only served to throw the general mass into clearer relief. Frivolity was not only fashionable, but tyrannical. I know of cases where it was positively forced on the men by their women-folk. And it was not even the frivolity of high spirits, which is, at any rate, a delightful weakness; it was the frivolity of sheer boredom, a negation, not an affirmation, of vitality. All the vitality of intelligent woman was expended in fighting for or against the suffrage. These others, the majority, alas! were the care-and-do-nothings. Excessive and continual amusement was to them merely the line of least resistance, the only way of escaping from their exceedingly dull selves.

❀ ❀

It is usually said that the war has changed all this. I do not believe it for a moment. Because the women of a totally different class have proved surprisingly useful in various industries, and because the women of our genuine, unphotographed, unparagraphed aristocracy have behaved as ladies might be expected to behave, one is asked to revise one's opinion of the frivolity of Englishwomen in general. Doubtless the war has reclaimed individuals here and there; perhaps even to an appreciable extent. But the type seems to me to remain much the same as ever. The only difference is that the Tango-Tea has given place to the Charity-Concert.

❀ ❀

Oh, the terrible sins that are committed in the name of Charity! Every vulgarity, every idiocy, is held to be permissible provided it be done "for the benefit of wounded soldiers." Not that the unfortunate soldiers have anything whatever to do with it. I do not believe their needs, their wishes, or their tastes are so much as considered in nine cases out of ten. All that matters is that Jemina Snooks, the Putney Pet, should indulge in her latest parlour-trick, or Delilah Debauche, the Mayfair Minx, display her latest frock. The entertainment, be it concert, matinée, bazaar, or whatever you please, is merely an excuse. Mesdames Snooks and Debauche *must* be amused, and the best, the only way to be amused nowadays is to pretend to amuse somebody else. Indeed, for these young women the Wounded Officer is but a substitute for the erstwhile Tango Lad, now happily dead or repatriated to the Argentine—from which, more often than not, he never came!

❀ ❀

To anybody who has really suffered from the war or even understands the meaning of the terrible waste of human material it entails, this kind of thing is absolutely indecent. If people must be frivolous, for Heaven's sake let them be frivolous, and leave the war and those who are or have been actively concerned in it alone. Nietzsche, I believe, once wrote that one of the functions of women was to entertain the warrior. But to force frivolity on the warrior whether he wants it or not, especially if it be disguised as philanthropy, is not so much likely to give him entertainment as a headache. If he wants frivolity he ought to be able to go in search of it—wherefore, it seems to me, there is a good deal to be said for the clever and entirely exceptional person who has vitality and art enough to be frankly and attractively frivolous—but that is quite a different thing from you amusing yourself at his expense on the pretence that he must always like it.

❀ ❀

If anybody doubts the truth of these remarks let him ask himself just one question: Does this kind of thing go on in Paris, or Rome, or Petrograd? The fact of the matter is that Englishwomen seem to be almost pathologically restless at the present time. They treat life as a kind of game of musical chairs, racing round and round and dropping periodically, for the shortest possible time, into a vacant seat. But in life, as in the game, there is always one seat too few—and for the majority the end is inevitable.

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"Somewhere in Flanders"

THE MASTER SLEUTH

BY JACK JOHNSON

I AM only just beginning to appreciate what effect the seasons have upon the war sleuth. In winter when the feet are cold and the blood courses sluggishly through the veins, it is a real pleasure to keep brisk observation upon some unhappy person for an hour or so until the circulation is restored; in spring, with Nature in her fairest mood, when the throstle gaily throstles to the world from a bower of budding foliage and mellowing blossoms, keeping gentle observation in country lanes is little short of heaven; but in summer weather—the sultry sort of weather we're having now—anything in the observation line is—to put it vulgarly—distinctly off.

❀ ❀

THEORETICALLY, I don't myself do very much of the observation business. I am the strong silent man with the inscrutable expression who pulls the wires in the background and flashes about the devastated country in a swift grey car with the blinds drawn, whose bidding is instantly done by a small army of panther-like minions in knickerbocker suits. I am the man who keeps the Kaiser awake at night, I am the man who hastened the end of Von der Goltz, I am . . . in a word, the MASTER SLEUTH.

IN practice, however, I often do a bit of observation work when it comes my way. Yesterday afternoon, for instance, I dogged the footsteps of a weird-looking officer, apparently British, who looked as if he might be a German waiter fitted out at Moss Bros. The sun was awfully hot, and a thoughtless Creator had furnished my suspect with a pair of legs like telegraph poles. I hoped every moment that the man would tarry awhile at some wayside *estaminet* on the road where I could keep him under comfortable observation from behind a glass of foaming ale at the expense of the great British public (" incidental expenses incurred, on service, in cafés—1 franc "), but he passed them all with indifference, never slackening his steps until by some frightfully circuitous route he eventually turned up at . . . my own office! It seemed that he had come to report his arrival as replacing the R. T. O., who was going on leave.

❀ ❀

I ALWAYS think an energetic and tireless spirit in very hot weather is wholly admirable, and far be it from me because we are foes to belittle the praiseworthy efforts of Perishin' Percy and his big cousin, Roger the Roguish, to get a move on. Percy is a 4.1 high velocity naval gun and Roger is 5.2 of that ilk. Percy and Roger are a wonderful pair. Their mission in life may be likened to that of the common mosquito, viz., to perpetrate persistent persecution of unsuspecting persons at all hours of the day and night. It is a sinister ambition. Not for Percy (or for Roger) to concentrate his efforts in the ordinary way at more or less scheduled time upon cross-roads, railway, and batteries so that you always know what part of the country is fraught with peril and in what part man may disport himself at his leisure and peace of mind. Certainly not. Percy and Roger know no hours, the heat of the sun disturbs them not, somnolence is a stranger, fixed localities leave them cold.

❀ ❀

ONE moment they fire a couple of rapid rounds down the road in the passionate hope of catching a convoy unawares, the next moment they are firing half a dozen shots in a village eight miles in the opposite direction. Indeed, no man knoweth within a radius of ten kilometres where the next shell is going. And at such high velocity do Roger and Percy do their work that you hear the whiz after the bang, which is always a distressing feature. And so it goes on day and night—be the weather hot or cold—for Percy and Roger are enthusiasts of the first water, and are yearning to win the Kaiser's smile. But the time has come, Percy; the day has dawned, Roger, when you are going to get it in the neck!

A MUCH MORE SERIOUS AFFAIR

SUB (1) on being told the Huns are attacking: "Righto. I'll be out in a minute"

And (2) after hearing that the Brigadier is about to visit the trenches: "—— —— ——!!!"

The Waiting List.

Dunlop: "Hullo! where's the car?"

The Squire: "Where's the car, indeed! Goodness alone knows! Joan has it somewhere in France, driving mechanics backwards and forwards from their billets to an aerodrome, and she tells me the car's getting badly knocked about."

Dunlop: "That's very likely, I should think. What are you doing about a car for yourself?"

The Squire: "Oh, British cars for me every time, you know, and so I'm on the waiting list of a British firm which will be making the genuine British article after the War."

Dunlop: "And you specified Dunlop tyres, I hope?"

The Squire: "*Of course.*"

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LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

"Look Who's Here!" at the London Opera House

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

THIS is a fine, expansive show. It is called on the programme "A New Comedy and Spectacular Revue," and for all I know to the contrary it may be either or both. Now and again, something in the nature of a plot contrives to gain a temporary footing in the proceedings, but with the arrival of reinforcements the plot is promptly cleared out. (I think that is how Sir Douglas Haig would put it.) To avoid confusion most of the leading characters are known by the Christian names worn by their representatives. Thus, the hero, Billy, is Mr. Billy Merson, the gentle heroine Florrie is Miss Florence Smithson, and the dashing interloper Lady Ethel, is Miss Ethel Levey. The authors and producer are all gentlemen who apparently will have no unnecessary time wasted on their front names. The story, for instance, is by Mr. "Fred" Thompson, the music is by Mr. "Nat" D. Ayer, and the production is by Mr. "Gus" Sohlke. If Mr. Oswald Stoll would now permit us to speak of him as "Ozzy," it seems to me that the homely circle would be complete.

❋

THE scene of the first act is a fine piece of work, admirably designed to convey the idea of a space infinitely larger than that which even the vast stage of the London Opera House affords. From the back of the stage a "mean street" of typical East-End houses runs up to a main road, apparently about a quarter of a mile away. The illusion of distance is adroitly preserved by an occasional procession of motor-'buses and taxi-cabs that pass along the main road. Billy, the hero, earns a living as a furniture-remover in and about the "mean street," until one day news arrives that he has inherited a fortune of five hundred thousand pounds. There isn't so much money really, of course; but in a story you can always let your imagination dash it a bit. This happy change of fortune naturally brings Billy many friends. Indeed, one of them who, a moment previously, had intended doing violence to Billy with a pickaxe, hurriedly conceals the now superfluous weapon beneath his coat, and asks only for a warm grip of Billy's dear old hand.

❋

THEN there is Lady Ethel, represented by the sparkling Miss Ethel Levey, whose reception at the first performance was positively royal. Lady Ethel, with the kindly and laudable desire to see that the sum of five hundred

thousand pounds doesn't get into wrong hands, takes Billy in charge herself, and generously decides to show him how to spend his money. They say that the war will give rise to many new professions, and this is, perhaps, one of them. In that case, I feel that my future is now assured, as I have all the necessary qualifications for a job of this kind. Persons having ridiculously large sums of money which they don't know what to do with, will oblige by communicating with the undersigned at the above address.

❋

MR. FRED KITCHEN and Mr. Billy Merson are the leading humorists of the production, and their fun is mostly of the obvious and "knockabout" kind which always seems a safe card to play when appeal is being made for the support of the larger public. Mr. Merson also scores as a singer of the "Johnny" type, his song about "Ferdie, the Flapper's Fiasco," being one of the hits of the evening. The words of the song are, perhaps, not brilliant, but any little shortcomings of this kind are more than compensated for by Mr. Merson's hilarious rendering, and by the lively chorus of dashing ladies who support him. Another song that goes with a fine swing is Miss Dorothy Grey's "I've Got a Little Doll For You," supported by a chorus of romping "children"—most of whom are probably more than seven. When the "children" have scampered off the stage we observe that they have left in their places a number of little mechanical dolls, which continue with quite absurd success the characteristic evolutions of the over-diligent chorus girl.

❋

OTHER features are a farcical "acrobatic" interlude by Mr. Kitchen and Mr. Merson, the latter proving unexpectedly to be quite an accomplished contortionist. Then there is an extraordinary display of trick bicycle-riding by the Ritchie company on machines built in eccentric shapes, seemingly designed to give their riders the maximum of discomfort to the square inch. A stroke of genius is the cycle that can be ridden while you are lying in bed. This must be seen to be believed. A note of pleasing refinement is sounded here and there throughout the production by Miss Florence Smithson, whose songs very properly enjoyed the heartiest reception. *Look Who's Here!* is an entertainment on distinctly popular lines, and will, no doubt, fill the London Opera House for some time to come.

JINGLE

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Revue-cum-Comedy

Spectacular, truly, is the new Comedy-Revue, "Look Who's Here," at the London Opera House, Kingsway, and its humours will be as much appreciated as the way in which it delights the eye

Books of the Week

BOOKS BY FIGHTING MEN

THE Censor is in process of becoming a rather kindlier being than he was. True, there are some things which you must not yet know, because this is war, and in war you should never want to know anything; but there are all sorts of scraps which the Censor now allows to be picked up, and even to be printed. And so there is a recrudescence of the war-books, which, taken as a whole, are exceedingly good.

The Historians

The historians, official and semi-official, are getting busy, but their time is not yet. When publishers' hearts are once again beating at their normal rate, and when paper is no longer to be classed in point of rarity with the precious metals, these historians will step in and have the run of the all-important Official Records. Meanwhile we have a steadily growing army of unofficial eye-witnesses of all kinds. The regular war correspondents, of course, have of late been given some "plums," and in the near future we shall doubtless be reading the most entrancing descriptions of the miracles which our men have performed. For the present we must be satisfied with the personal narratives of the fighters themselves, and of these three or four in particular merit attention.

RIFLEMAN PATRICK MACGILL
The soldier author of "The Big Push"

The Loos Tragedy

Young as he is, Patrick Macgill is already a tried veteran, whether you regard him as "3008 Rflmn. Macgill, P., 18th Ldn. Regt. (Ldn. Irish)," as the War Office would describe him, or as the poet who wrote *Children of the Dead End* and *The Red Horizon*. In *The Big Push* (Jenkins: 2*s*. 6*d*. net) he gives us his thrilling and most terrible adventures of last September when we attacked Loos. There have been other accounts of the fighting, including an "official" explanation, but none possesses the extraordinary intimacy of Macgill's. There is just the same power of getting hold of the important points, even when they seem most trivial, in this book as there was in its predecessor. You feel as though you had been temporarily attached to this 18th Battalion and transported into the front trenches, and had helped to kick that historic football out into No Man's Land at the time of the charge. You begin to understand just what may be in men's minds in those awful minutes before "getting over." It is a fine piece of work which we may hope will have its sequel next year.

Mons and Thereabouts

An earlier, though no less heroic, story of the war forms the subject of "Casualty's" book, *Contemptible* (Heinemann: 3*s*. 6*d*. net). The adjective of the title has come to bear a second and most honourable significance. Our tiny Expeditionary Force, as you may see from this simply told narrative, set the pace, so to speak, in the matter of working miracles. Mons may be the scene of fierce fighting in the future, but it will always mean one thing—an impossible retreat successfully carried out. "Casualty" tells you of the feelings of a young soldier who in a short space of time became changed from a respectable subaltern into a grimy warrior, and his story covers a period extending from the days of that marvellous transportation to France to the subaltern's return with a wound to Somewhere in Mayfair. His book is never technical, and maintains its interest to the last. It is another of those documents which in the future will have to be consulted by even the most scientific historians if they desire to know anything about the great men, officers and Tommies alike, whose deeds they may be recording.

A "Snottie's" Book

As you can see in Eden Phillpott's *Human Boy*, a youngster's essay is generally a fearful and wondrous composition with unconventional grammar and an occasional howler such as everybody except its author loves to hear. But the anonymous midshipman who wrote *From Dartmouth to the Dardanelles* (Heinemann: 1*s*. net), even though his mother may be responsible for its editing, shows no signs of his extreme youth in his first book. It might have been written by an Admiral at least. And it is all the more meritorious inasmuch as the middy's ship was sunk, and with it his carefully kept log. It is a light-hearted tale of adventure which he has to tell, a tale which shows, although it is not meant to, that our naval traditions are in no danger of being forgotten or lost. It must have been a proud mother who met her son on his return, and this young "snottie" who was not allowed to land at Port Said and who had to swim for his life in the Dardanelles at an age when most boys are fagging, will never need to fear that his own mother has been indiscreet, even in the very few notes which she has added to his work. It is a splendid little book.

A Melodrama

In *Avonmouth* (S. Paul: 6*s*.) Coralie Stanton and Heath Hosken plunge early into a whirling story of poisoned lozenges and murders most foul and opium and all sorts of mysterious events and personalities. The resulting mixture will assuredly be enjoyed by many readers, even though that usually fatal final chapter, in which all the mysteries have to be cleared up, be found to be rather disappointing.

R. S.

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German Music
AND ENGLISH MUSICIANS

THAT cheerful and agreeable Hun, W. A. Mozart, wrote two operas in German. The first was commissioned to help the cause of German musical nationalism, and was called *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*, which, being interpreted, means *The Abduction from the Harem* (or, in English, according to the playbills, *Il Seraglio!*), a delightful work positively bubbling over with youthful vitality and charm. At the end of his life he wrote another, *The Magic Flute*, a weird compound of Masonic philosophy and very Teutonic buffoonery, containing some of the most lovely music ever imagined by man. By a curious coincidence these two German operas are the only specimens of Mozart's dramatic genius that have appeared in London during the war—a fact to be commended to the notice of those who hope to destroy German music at once and for ever.

DOUBTLESS such a coincidence calls forth feelings very diverse. Some people will feel anger, others sorrow, others the irony of incongruity. But, feelings apart, it does prove that in England at any rate there is no real prejudice against the German classics—and a good thing too! Nobody who is sufficiently interested in the views of the Musical Bystander can accuse him of ever having failed to protest against the undue influence of German music in England. But that is not to say that Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, and Schubert should be wiped altogether off the musical map, as some enthusiasts would have us do. Are the younger generation to hear no classical music?

I HAVE no intention, in this matter, to take refuge in the dishonest plea that art has nothing to do with nationality. It certainly has, and I can conceive nothing more German than the music of Beethoven or Schubert. And, if we do not wish to suffer an overwhelming reaction in the future, we must face the facts. It is stupid to say that good music is bad because it is written by Germans; it is necessary to admit that in so far as Germans write good music they are to that extent (no more and no less) themselves good.

EVEN when it is a question of the living, I refuse to pretend that I prefer hearing the music of Puccini to the music of Humperdinck, because the former is an ally and the latter an enemy—a stupid enemy, moreover, who wants the Zeppelins again to attack London. Nor will any good musician really think otherwise. After all, why he should refuse to benefit by the few good things Germany has to offer when he has to suffer from the many bad ones she insists on thrusting down his throat, the reasonable Englishman will probably fail to understand. Nor do I see any reason why he should even try to do so till Salvarsan is banished from English medicine and the Protestant religion expelled from the English home.

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Write for Guide (8) to "Kit and Equipment."

"A Firm established as Military Outfitters during the Crimean War and Indian Mutiny, with the outfitting experience of the South African War and the two Egyptian Campaigns well within the memory of many of its staff, is ent tled to deal with the subject of Military Outfitting with some degree of authority."—("Land and Water," March 23.)

Water-tight Boxes

Price from 15s. to £7. 7s.
(Small size for Cigarettes and Tobacco.)

"During my recent journey to the Coast from "British Central Africa, one of the Air-tight "Cases furnished by you was at the bottom of a "river for fully twenty minutes and on recovery "the contents were found to be uninjured—a "thoroughly reliable article."—
J. Shearson Hyland, Esq., Mineralogist to the Rhodesia Concessions Expedition.

"Benjamin Edgington" Tents,
Every article of Camp Equipment
Uniforms and Complete Kit.

SILVER & EDGINGTON,
King William House,
Eastcheap (Monument), London.

Buicks at the Front

BUICK CARS maintain their pre-war leadership in Active Field Service at the Front. They are "doing their bit" for the Allied Cause in all the War zones.

Buicks stand up to hard usage, and the Buick valve-in-head motor delivers the power needed in war's emergencies.

Other Buick Activities

OUTSIDE the active war zone Buick cars are also maintaining their premier position. In the annual competition for the Graff Cup, held in South Africa under the auspices of the R.A.C., Buicks led all competitors in points of merit for speed, hill climbing, reliability and petrol consumption.

1st BUICK DRIVER . . . J. E. Jelks.
2nd BUICK DRIVER . . A. L. Johnson.

Owing to our Organisation being largely engaged on War Service the supply of Buick Cars is at present restricted.

Buick

Send for Catalogue to:
General Motors (Europe) Ltd.,
136 Long Acre, London, W.C.
Phone: Gerrard 9626 (3 Lines). Tel. "Buickgen, London."

The Bystander in Stockholm

WILHELM THE W . . . . .'S WONDROUS WAYS

WILHELM THE WICKED (it's politer and funnier than Hun and Boche) has a great Scandinavian admirer. He is M. (or Herr) König; he sits by turns in Stockholm Opera Cellar, in Christiania Grand Hotel café, and in a place unknown in Berlin. His business no man knows, but he talks freely, and he tells all men his love for Wilhelm the Wicked.

THE Stockholm Bystander talked to him in the Opera Cellar. M. (or Herr) König says he's a Dane; but his father came from Danzig. Herr König was in Germany in March, and saw Wilhelm the Wicked.

"I saw him in Strassburg. It is near the Front."

"It will be nearer," said the Stockholm Bystander. "What is the *real* truth about Wilhelm? I don't want the truth."

"The real truth is that Wilhelm the Good has fair health, that he has turned Socialist, means to win the war, and is in a quarrel with the men who ought to love him."

"WHAT about the health?"

"Before he went to Strassburg the Kaiser consulted Dr. Jansen, a nose and throat specialist in Hardenbergstrasse, Berlin. Jansen advised the Kaiser to leave his throat alone, as it's nothing serious. That I know for a fact. Jansen refused to go to Potsdam Schloss to examine the Kaiser; he said his examining instruments could not be carted there; and he would not move to please anyone, not even Wilhelm the ——."

"Wicked."

"The Good. And now for the War——." M. (or Herr) König dropped shelled hazelnuts into his punch, and this proves he is not all Prussian, and said:

"WILHELM THE G . . . says he will win the war because the *Entente* is silly-shallying (not "shilly," but "silly," is M. (or Herr) König's word). This silly-shallying

(Continued on page 176)

BL
SCOTCH WHISKY

EXTRA SPECIAL, GOLD LABEL.
SPECIAL VERY OLD, WHITE LABEL.
VERY OLD VATTED, RED CAPSULE.

Proprietors:
BULLOCH, LADE & CO., Ltd.,
ESTABLISHED 1830
DISTILLERS AT GLASGOW, ISLAY, AND CAMPBELTOWN.
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Makers of the "SUPER" Field Service Boot

Service Boot
No. 28
Nut Brown Willow Calf
Hand Welted
35/-
Real Hand Sewn
42/-

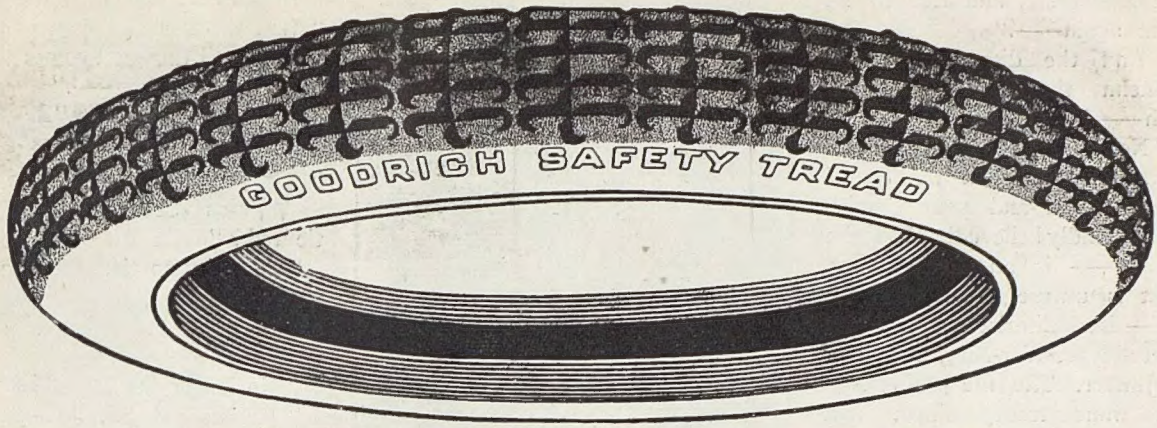
NUT BROWN PIGSKIN LEGGING
35/-
toned to the same shade as above Boot. Nothing looks worse than a contrast in colour of Boots and Leggings.

Write for our New Military Brochure.

THESE Boots have been tested under the most trying conditions, and have given entire satisfaction. It goes to prove we have succeeded in turning out a reasonably light weight Boot, which serves the same purpose as a heavier grade, but without the uncomfortable feeling and necessary breaking in that the latter requires.

A pattern Boot will be sent free of cost to any address in the United Kingdom, or DIRECT TO THE FRONT.

W. ABBOTT & SONS, Ltd., London and Paris; 54 Regent Street, W.; 434 Strand, W.; 121 High Holborn, W.C.; and Branches.



FULL-SIZED GOODRICH MILLIMETRE TYRES!

Goodrich Safety Tread Tyres are now made FULL-SIZED—regardless of Trade Custom.

THIS announcement is not intended to draw invidious comparisons.

No doubt the *first* Tyre Makers, who set the present *standards* of Tyre Sizes, did so with intention to give the Public Tyres (of "Necessity" Size) at the *lowest* prices they could then afford to offer them.

The Goodrich Company felt that it must *conform* to *existing* standards of Size, or lose money through building its Tyres up to the *Specified Measurements* demanded by the SIZES branded thereon.

So, for a long time, the Goodrich Company, like all other Millimetre Tyre Manufacturers, built and sold *Under-Sized* Tyres.

And these considerations prompted the makers of Goodrich Millimetre Tyres to abandon tradition in Tyre-sizing—to bear the increased cost of giving FULL-SIZED Goodrich Tyres at practically the same price as all other makers charge for similar grade of regular (or *Under-Sized*) Tyres—trusting to a greater *volume* of Sales for compensation.

Careful observation has convinced them that Motor Car Owners are losing much of the Comfort they might have (when riding in the same cars) through the *excessive Vibration* that *Under-Sized* Tyres inevitably transmit from the Road.

Such *excessive* VIBRATION not only robs Motoring of much of its Soaring Luxury of Motion but also Wears out the Mechanism of the Car, and the Tyres themselves, prematurely.

SINCE the current shortages (in Millimetre Tyre cross-section *Diameter*) result entirely in *Shortage of Air Capacity*, and since it is the Compressed Air which gives necessary *resilience* to Pneumatic Tyres, the above *loss of Air Capacity* is as vital to a Tyre (and car) as the loss of Blood, in corresponding ratio to bulk of the whole body, would be to a human being.

Motorists who will put the same amount of uncompressed Air into *Full-Sized* Goodrich Tyres, as they must now properly use in other Millimetre (*Under-Sized*) Tyres, will find this:—

They will find the *Full-Sized* Goodrich Tyres will carry the same Carload with no *larger* flattened Tyre Surface, though the greater Air-Space results in a *lower* Air-pressure within the Tyre.

This *lowered* Air-pressure not only makes Motoring more *luxuriously comfortable*, and the Car last longer, but, through the *larger* cross-section Diameter of Goodrich *Full-Sized* Millimetre Tyres, increases the life of the Car.

And, the Mileage of these Goodrich *Full-sized* Tyres, will be found even *greater* than that of "regular" Millimetre (*Under-Sized*) Tyres, which *must* carry the *higher* (excessive) Air pressure *their* shortage of Air-capacity makes necessary.

Goodrich FULL-SIZED Tyres are sold at similar prices to all other Millimetre Tyres of same quality, while all of *other* makes will be found UNDER-SIZED on measurement.

FULL-SIZED GOODRICH SAFETY TREAD TYRES

The B. F. Goodrich Co. Ltd., 117-123, Golden Lane, LONDON, E.C.

See these Tyres at Goodrich Service Stations throughout the United Kingdom.

THE BYSTANDER IN STOCKHOLM (*concluded from page 174*)

gets worse. Only in East Prussia are they afraid of the war; they had the Russians there, and fear to have them again——."

"And the dissensions? Has Wilhelm the W—— quarrelled with——?"

"No, they have quarrelled with him. The Prussian Junkers, I mean. You and your English friends fondly believe that Wilhelm the G—— is an Arch-Junker. That is untrue. Wilhelm the G—— is a Militarist and a healthy Super-Hyper-War-Man, but he is no Junker. The true Junker does not want trade, ships, and colonies. He wants a territorial, military State confined to Europe; and Wilhelm the G—— wants a trading Empire, with ships everywhere, and colonies world-flung——"

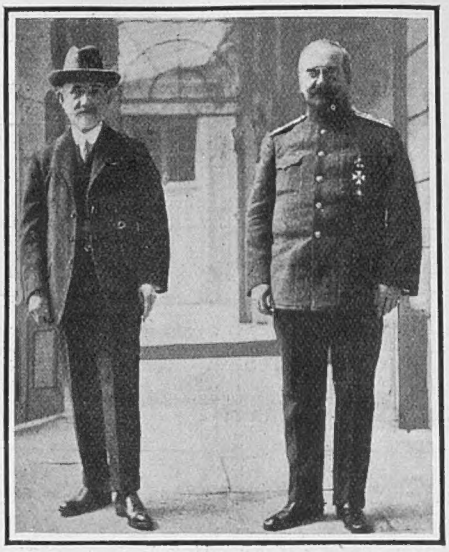
"They do look a bit flung."

⁂

"ALL Germans know that Germany will win; but the true Junker's plan is (1) to keep the territorial gains in Europe, including France and Belgium, and (2) to let the colonies go hang——."

"Number Two will be realised."

"Wilhelm the G—— is in alliance with the *Gross-Industrie*, the raw material Trusts of Westphalia and Silesia, and with the Imperialist National-Liberals. These want colonies, ships, trade; while the Junkers, being Agrarians, want land, protective duties, cheap labour: they want to have a bigger army to make their sons lieutenants in, and to sell their oats to the cavalry. When your Ministers talk of crushing Junkers and crushing the Kaiser they talk rot. No German identifies the two. Wilhelm the G—— is England's foe, England being a world State, and the Junkers are England's friends."



DR. DILLON (left)
Whose recent book, "England v. Germany," has attracted so much attention. Dr. Dillon is a well-known figure in every European capital

"Will these classes quarrel?"

"Not until the spoil comes to be divided by Germany——."

'Or by the *Entente*."

⁂

"WHAT about W. the W. as Socialist? Is his tie red?"

"He wears no tie. He coquets with the S.D.'s, pats S.D. soldiers on the back, and gives them the Iron Cross——."

"No longer the Iron Fist."

"He has got Socialistic plans for sumptuary laws, inspired by Professor Wagner. One law will limit expenditure on eating after the War."

"Naturally they don't want peace."

"Don't laugh at Germans. They are real men. There's nothing like Wilhelm the ——."

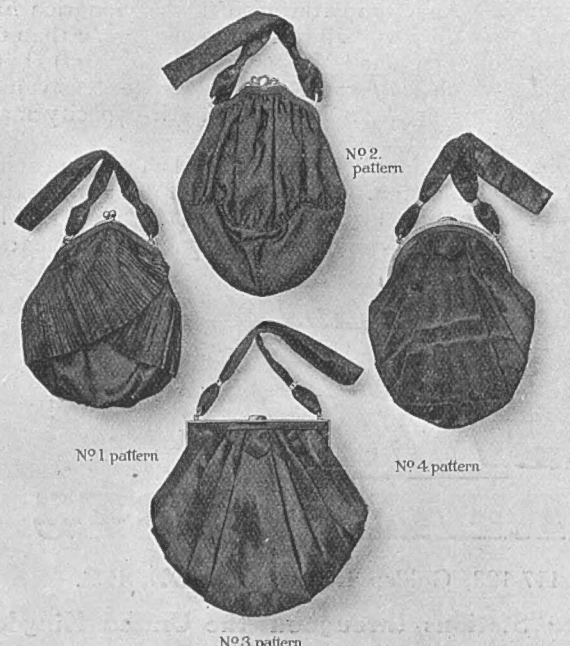
"W."

"G."

⁂

IN neutral cafés you don't quarrel. M. (or Herr) König put more hazel nuts in his punch, and tried to put some in the Stockholm Bystander's whiskey.

BY APPOINTMENT



VANITY BAGS

A Vanity Bag from the house of Mappin bears that distinction always associated with the name of Mappin & Webb.

Mappin's Vanity Bags are all of exclusive designs produced with a care and distinction which reflect the tastes of the user.

No. 1 pattern.—Black Moire Silk Bag containing Inside Division with Powder Puff and Mirror 25/-

No. 2 pattern.—Corded Silk Bag containing Powder Puff and Mirror, Marcassite Bow Fastening ... 52/6

No. 3 pattern.—Pleated Shell design in Black Moire Silk, Inside Division with Powder Puff & Mirror 75/-

No. 4 pattern.—Black Moiré Silk Handbag with Marcassite Mounted Frame. Powder Puff and Mirror inside 95/-

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Silversmiths to His Majesty King George V.

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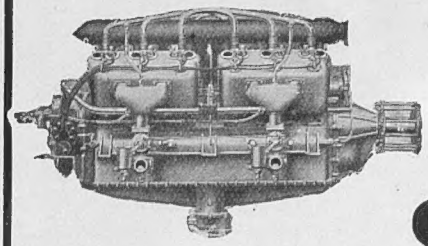
Royal Works—Sheffield.



12-CYL.
SUNBEAM
COATALEN
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THE SUPREME
SUNBEAM

IF you are in doubt as to which car is actually supreme, remember that convincing evidence of supremacy is offered by the manner in which Sunbeam cars have always behaved under difficulties, and by the efficiency of Sunbeam-Coatalen Aircraft Engines on war service.

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Wolverhampton. Manchester: 112, Deansgate.
Agents for Cars for London and District: J. KEELE, Ltd., 72, New Bond St. W.
Dunlop Tyres are fitted to Sunbeam Cars as standard.

St. IVEL CHEESE
LACTIC
"THE CHEESE OF ACTIVE GOOD"

MAJOR RICHARDSON'S
SENTRY DOGS (AIREDALES) as supplied Army in France, 5 gns.
POLICE DOGS (AIREDALES) for house protection and personal guards 5 gns.; pups, 2 gns.
BLOODHOUNDS, 20 gns.; pups, 5 gns.
ABERDEEN, SCOTCH, FOX, IRISH TERRIERS, 5 gns.; pups, 2 gns.
GROVE END, HARROW. *Tel. 423.*

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"THE RURAL" SET
FOR INDOOR OR OUTDOOR USE.
Natural brown osier. Can be left out in all weathers.
Chairs, 6/6 each. Table (30 ins. diam. top), 8/6.
Or set of 4 chairs and table, 32/6.
Plaited rush cushions, 2/0 each.
Cash with order. Prompt delivery.
Urgent orders despatched per passenger train.
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You must have them eradicated this way

Spend a small fortune on depilatories, and still the hairs will grow again. In fact, the more you use depilatories, the stronger and faster grows the hair.
There is only one way to obtain permanent relief from the blemish of Superfluous Hair, and that way has been perfected by Mrs. Pomeroy, Ltd. It is the removal by proper appliances of each hair, at the same time destroying the root and papilla.

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Treatment for
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Consultation Free.
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Accommodates 300 Guests.
Every Amusement.
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GOLF: 18-hole Course near
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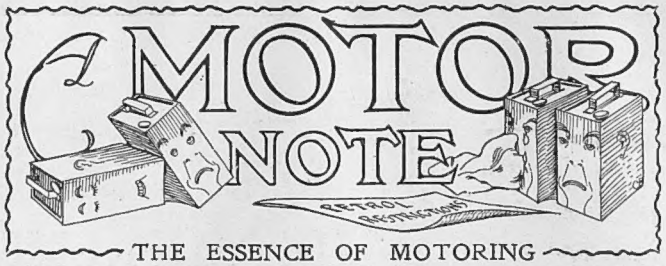
Send for Tariff to Manager.



THE ESSENCE OF MOTORING

35 Per Cent. Self-Denial

THESE figures will give greater zest to those with ambitions to be in with the firm supplying the fuel needs of motorists and users of petrol engines. The Shell Company (guided, as they have themselves affirmed, not by principles of private profit but by patriotic motives) have made a surplus of £2,164,696, and have declared a dividend of 35 per cent, free of income tax. If the time ever comes when the company have no further occasion to concern themselves with patriotic motives and really settle down to making money, they will, I trust, be adequately compensated for the self-denying sacrifices of the present hard times.

***

A Big Market

As we are on figures, let us continue. The following will give some idea of the size of the market open to those who would cater for the needs of mechanical road haulage. To these figures (which represent the civilian consumption of petrol under the restricted conditions of to-day) must be added the demand of other terrestrial gas engines, *plus* again the engines of the air and the water. Mr. McKenna bases his calculations for his extra petrol tax yield upon an estimate that private cars and motor-cycles will consume 32,500,000 gallons per annum; 8,000,000 gallons he allots to commercial vehicles (exempted from the new taxation), this total being exclusive of the figures for hackney carriages; while 4,000,000 gallons are ear-marked for doctors and vets. The total importation of motor-spirit for the year ending May 31, 1916, was 144,000,000 gallons. From which you may make a rough estimate of the petrol consumption by the Army and Navy.

***

At 8d. Per Gallon

IN case the spirits of incipient exploiters of the Marshall scheme, referred to in a previous issue, are inclined to soar unduly, the fact that the Hull City engineer has made a contract "with a local firm of producers" for a new motor fuel at 8*d.* per gallon, will act as a curb. What is this new motor fuel, who supplies it, and in what quantities is it available? Will the Hull City Engineer kindly oblige?

***

Yet Another of Them

"IT has been decided by a big oil combine (I quote from the *Motor*), to arrange for the manufacture of Binks' fuel on the same lines as regards quantities as petrol, and also for a similar organisation with regard to the selling system, so that shortly the fuel will be obtainable at any garage in the United Kingdom in five gallon tins at 1*s.* per gallon less than the market price of petrol at the time. The supply will be unlimited." Well, speed the day! Let's hope, also, that the price of petrol will again come down to say, 10*d.* or 11*d.* per gallon—as it was in the dear dead days beyond recall. We may then be able to get this new fuel for nothing! At a shilling less per gallon we ought to receive a penny or twopence per gallon for collecting it!

ALEX. J. M. GRAY

C.A.V. ACCUMULATORS—British made throughout—for Ignition, Lighting, Starting, and Portable work. An accumulator for every purpose. Write us your requirements—C. A. VANDERVELL & Co., Ltd., Electrical Engineers, Acton, London, W.

HOBSON PLUGS (British made) are being supplied in large numbers to the Allies for use in the Mechanical Transport section and for Aeroplane engines.—Illustrated leaflet with description of types from H. M. HOBSON, Ld., 29, Vauxhall Bdg. Rd., S.W.

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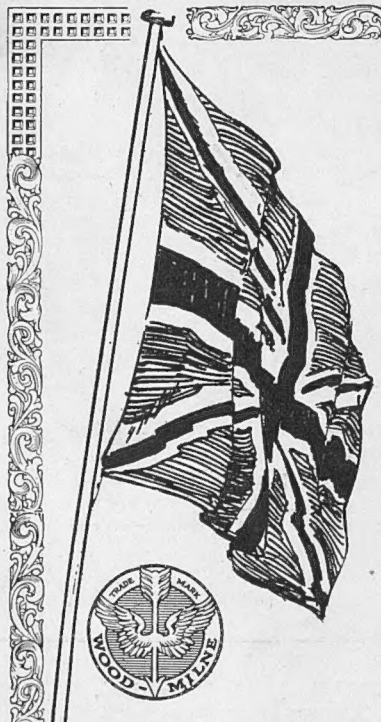

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while every penny is needed in the Country, it is a duty to fit British-made tyres, of which there is a plentiful supply. It will be a pleasure, too, if you fit

Wood-Milne

British-made

MOTOR TYRES

They carry a Guarantee of 3,500 miles, against all road risks, which cannot be said of any foreign tyre. With reasonable care and luck they are good for double and treble the guaranteed mileage.

Foreign tyres are unessential imports, yet British motorists are buying them at the rate of £3,500,000 a year. 'Verb. sap.'

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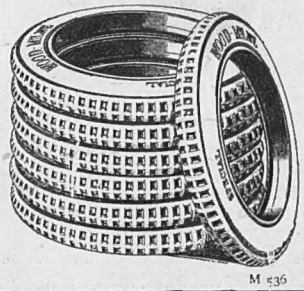

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